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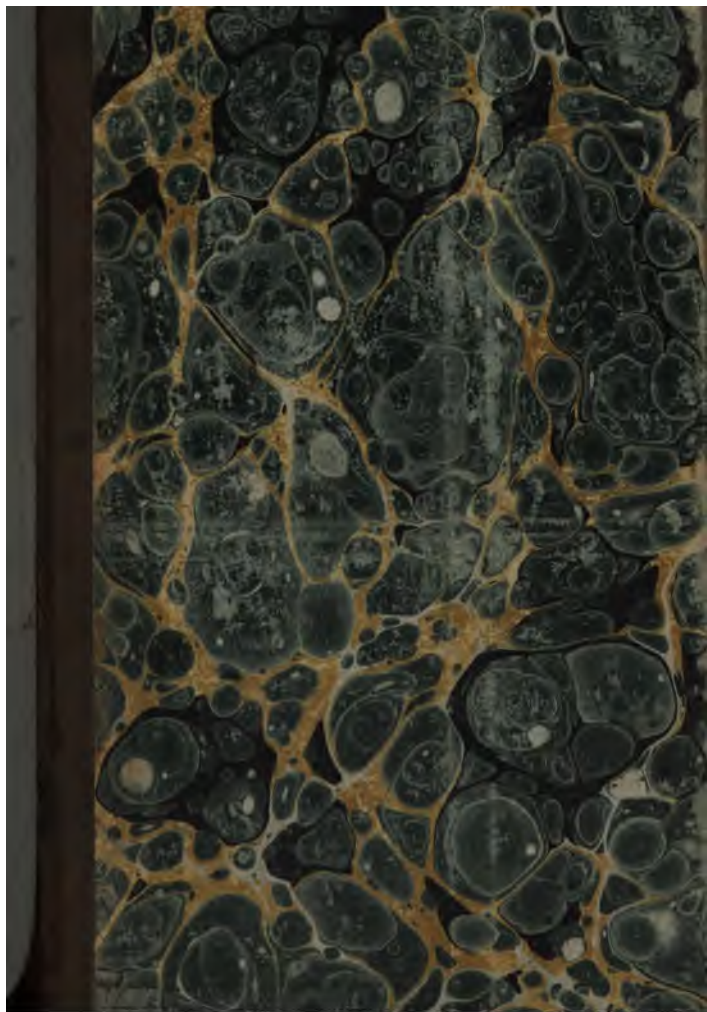
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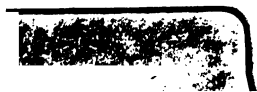
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IS IT GOOD,

OR,

IS IT EVIL?

A

SHORT TRACT ON SLAVERY.

If human weal is precious to thy heart,
In lessening human sorrow take **THY PART.**
Ask not "Am I my Brothers' keeper?"—He
Who formed you both commits *his* weal to *thee*.
Woe for the cruel deeds with black injustice fraught!
Woe for the guilty ease by calm indifference bought!

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1843.

IS IT GOOD ? IS IT EVIL ?

It is now about three-hundred years since Negroes were first introduced into the New World, by the Portuguese and Spaniards, to supply the deficiency of aboriginal labour. The other nations of Europe followed in their wake, sharing the booty and the crime.

In the Old World, England woke first to a true sense of right and wrong. A few of her sons, whose names have now become household words, causing the eye to brighten, and the heart to beat with a fuller swell, rose and grappled with the question, fenced as it was with laws, and customs, and usages. Year after year, as it had passed by, had added

to the entrenchments behind which the mighty evil securely sat. To effect aught was to undo the deeds of centuries. But with that strength, with which the sense of right and duty ever nerves the human soul, they rose to the work, nor desisted from their chivalrous labours, till they procured the abolition of the slave trade, by making participation in it a capital offence.

Increasing in breadth and force, the anti-slavery movement now bore on slavery itself. The people of England were beginning to feel day by day, more clearly and forcibly, that the respective principles of Christianity and slavery could not be reconciled. In the year 1832, circumstances brought out clearly before the eye of day, the truth that they could not stand together. Christianity or slavery must fall in the West India Islands, was the universal feeling of British Christians, and the question was, is heaven or hell the stronger? The point was decided, when on the 1st of August, 1838, the last fetter was knocked from off the limbs of the negro, and black and white stood alike British subjects.

So far the past. What is now the story of slavery? Her power is broken here, she can no more sit as a mistress, her enactments are no longer part and parcel of the law of our land, her code can no longer stand side by side, with that first of earth's scrolls, the Magna Charter. Alas! that in the moment of triumph, stern truth should call us down. In the greatness of the achievement we had forgotten that success was yet but partial. There are now in British India *ten millions* of slaves, men robbed of liberty, of themselves, of all of their own souls, save responsibility to their Maker. And under the sanction of our government, there exists a species of slave trade, which consists in decoying certain tribes of East Indians, and in carrying them away to the Mauritius and British Guiana, where, in servitude against their will, they are detained.

At the present time four millions and a half of persons are held in slavery by the different European powers, and in the United States and the Texas, nearly three millions.

To keep up this number of labouring hands,

thousands of negroes are annually brought from Africa.

The sufferings, nay, the horrors of the middle passage, are fearful to contemplate. On the testimony of the Marquis of Sligo, we can tell of one vessel, in which one-hundred and eighty or two-hundred of these wretched beings were *stowed*, for in speaking of the miserable men we are compelled to insult humanity by resorting to the vocabulary of *things*: these one-hundred and eighty, to take the lower figure, were *stowed* into a space whose height was only two feet and a half, the height of a child of from two to three years old; and this for a voyage across the Atlantic, for the most part under a tropical sun. Further, from that wretched hold, the captives had never for one passing moment, been released; not one solitary means of cleanliness had been allowed them. Gasping and panting in that narrow space, how could they have availed themselves of it?

As reckless of life as of its means, were those dealers in mortal men. The ophthalmia broke out in the hold, and as one or another was seized,



he was taken from his companions, but only to be hurled into the sea. Christian, is your life precious in your eyes? Equally so in the eyes of our common Father, was the life of each of those murdered men.

Moreover, out of nine-hundred and eighty negroes, who were shipped from the African coast at one time, in one vessel, six-hundred perished on the voyage; and out of two-thousand three-hundred or two-thousand four-hundred carried away by four ships, *one-thousand five-hundred* perished; and this in cases where no direct murders like those above were perpetrated. The pestilence created by their detention for so long a period, in so narrow a space, might well suffice to thin the numbers,—aye of living souls, but not of bodies, for these have been seen, (and it has been given as a thing of no rare occurrence) the living and the dead chained together, nay more, the living and the decayed. And in this atmosphere have infants first—not breathed the air, nor seen the light; nor air, nor light, as we know them are there—but there has mortality commenced its bitter course. Christian women

of England! Christian women of America! The slave system is now in full working; it is so that at this moment twenty-thousand are in the holds of different slavers in the Atlantic, subject to these agonies. Is it not evil? We cannot mentally contemplate such scenes without feeling in some degree demoralized; what is inflicted on the moral common humanity by the *perpetration* of this system? Shall the system continue? Rather will ye rouse up the energies of your free hearts; and ye are night haunted by the presence all but visible of the iniquity, breathe not at ease till this foreign rage on our nature, and, thought more terrible still, this daring insult to Jehovah, be cast away the things that were.

Of the treatment to which the negro is subjected, when he has reached the shore of his hopeless captivity, no information is given. Well are the bitter punishments ever heaped over his head, by which labour is extracted from the sickly, and perchance the dying, but we will spare ourselves—no! having taken up the negro's cause, we will not spare our feelings.

if we feel not, we shall act not. That their state is miserable, the fact, that in the face of many obstacles to escape, and with the certainty of unutterable torture in case of detection, they do attempt it, is sufficient proof. But one or two facts will have more force than general description. We will give a few extracts from a little work published during the past year. It is the narrative of a self-emancipated slave in the United States,* authenticated by the well-known George Thompson.

"I married a slave belonging to Mr. Enoch Sawyer. I left her at home, (that is, at his house,) one Thursday morning, when we had been married about eight months. She was well, and seemed likely to be so : we were nicely getting together our little necessities. On the Friday, as I was at work as usual with the boats, I heard a noise behind me, on the road which ran by the side of the canal : I turned to look,

* We are told on the title page that the profits of the work will be devoted to the purchase of the author's remaining relatives from slavery. See "Narrative of the Life of Moses Grandy." C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate-street.

and saw a gang of slaves coming. When I came up to me, one of them cried out, "My dear!" I wondered who among them should know me, and found it was my wife. She cried out to me "I am gone." I was struck with consternation. Mr. Rogerson was with them, on his horse, armed with pistols. I said to him "for God's sake, have you bought my wife?" He said he had; when I asked him what she had done; he said she had done nothing, but that her master wanted more. He drew out a pistol, and said that if I were near the waggon on which she was, he would shoot me. I asked for leave to shake hands with her, which he refused, but said I might stand at a distance and talk with her. My heart was so full, that I could say very little. I asked leave to give her a dram: he told me Burgess, the man who was with him, to go down and carry it to her. I gave her a little money I had in my pocket and bid her farewell. I have never seen or heard of her from that day to this. I loved her as I love my life."

Accidentally he gives us a glimpse of the mental sufferings of the enslaved man.

"The hands work in a line by the side of each other: the overseer puts the swiftest hands in the fore row, and all must keep up with them. One black man is kept on purpose to whip the others in the field: if he does not flog with sufficient severity, he is flogged himself: he whips severely, to keep the whip from his own back. If a man have a wife in the same field with himself, he chooses a row by the side of hers, that with extreme labour, he may, if possible, help her. But he will not be in the same field if he can help it; for with his hardest labour, he often cannot save her from being flogged, and is obliged to stand by and see it."

His feelings on gaining his freedom after a third purchase of himself, (having been cheated by his masters on the two former occasions,) he thus describes—

"When, at length, I had repaid Captain Minner, and had got my free papers, so that my freedom was quite secure, my feelings were

greatly excited. I felt to myself so light, that I could almost think I could fly; in my sleep I was always dreaming of flying over woods and rivers. My gait was so altered by my gladness, that people often stopped me, saying, "Grandy, what is the matter?" I excused myself as well as I could; but many perceived the reason, and said, "Oh! he is so pleased with having got his freedom." Slavery will teach any man to be glad when he gets freedom."

After detailing the difficulties which he surmounted in gaining his eldest son's freedom, and having married a second wife, he says—

"Six other of my children, three boys and three girls were sold to New Orleans. Two of these daughters have bought their own freedom.

"Of my other children, I only know that one, a girl, named Betsy, is a little way from Norfolk, in Virginia.

"I do not know where any of my other four children are, nor whether they be dead or alive. It will be very difficult to find them out: for the names of slaves are commonly changed with



every change of master: they usually bear the name of the master to whom they belong at the time: they have no family name of their own by which they can be traced. Through this circumstance, and their ignorance of reading and writing, to which they are compelled by law, all trace between parents and their children, who are separated from them in childhood, is lost in a few years. When, therefore a child is sold away from its mother, she feels that she is parting from it for ever: there is little likelihood of her ever knowing what of good or evil befalls it."

On another page we find the following :—

"My wife's brother Isaac, was a coloured preacher. A number of slaves went privately into a wood to hold meetings; when they were found out, they were flogged, and each was forced to tell who else was there. Three were shot, two of whom were killed, and the other was badly wounded. For preaching to them, Isaac was flogged, and his back pickled; when it was nearly well, he was flogged and pickled again, and so on for some

months; then his back was suffered well, and he was sold. A little while this, his wife was sold away with an at her breast; and out of his six children four had been sold away by one at a time in the way with his buyers he dropped down & his heart was broken.

“The only time when a man can visit wife, when they are on different estates, is Saturday evening and Sunday. If they be very near to each other, he may sometimes see her on Wednesday evening. He must always return to his work by sun rise; if he fail to do so he is flogged. When he has got together all the little things he can for his wife and children, and has walked many miles to see them, he may find that they have all been sold away, some in one direction, and some in another. He gives up all hope of seeing them again, but he dare not utter a word of complaint.”

In a late number of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, the following fact is given:—

“A female slave was placed in the prison in the city of Washington, having been sold for the

southern market, and the time of her departure was at hand. Whether it was the dread of the cruelties and starvation of a southern plantation ; or the grief of being suddenly and for ever separated from husband, children, and the friends of her youth, I know not ; but in the dusk of the evening previous to the day when she was to be sent off, as the old prison was being closed for the night, she suddenly darted past her keeper, and ran for her life. It is not a great distance from the prison to the Long Bridge, which passes from the lower part of the city across the Potomac, to the extensive forests and woodlands of Arlington place, occupied by a descendant of the immortal Washington ; thither the poor pursued fugitive directed her flight. So unexpected was her escape, that she had quite a number of rods the start before the keeper had secured the other prisoners, and rallied his assistants in pursuit. It was at an hour when, and in a part of the city where, horses could not readily be obtained for the chase ; no blood-hounds were at hand to run down the flying woman ; and for once it seemed

as though there was likely to be a fair trial of speed and endurance between the slave and the slave catchers. The keeper and his forces raised the hue and cry on her pathway close behind; but so rapid was the flight along the wide avenue, that the astonished citizens, as they poured forth from their dwellings to learn the cause of alarm, were only enabled to comprehend the nature of the case in time to fall in with the motley mass in pursuit, or (as many a one did that night) to raise an anxious prayer to heaven as they refused to join in the chase, that the panting fugitive might escape, and the merciless soul-dealer for once be disappointed of his prey. And now, with the speed of an arrow, having safely passed the avenue, with the distance between her and her pursuers constantly increasing, this poor hunted female gained the 'LONG BRIDGE,' as it is called, where interruption seemed improbable, and already did her heart begin to beat high with the hope of success. She had only to pass three-fourths of a mile more across the bridge, and she could bury herself in a vast forest, just

at the moment when the curtain of night would close around her, and protect her from the pursuit of her enemies.

But God by his providence had otherwise determined. He had determined that an appalling tragedy should be enacted that night, within sight of the president's house and the capitol of the union, which should be an evidence, wherever it might be known, of the unconquerable love of liberty the heart of the slave may inherit, as well as a fresh admonition to the slave dealer of the cruelty and enormity of his crimes. Just as the pursuers crossed the high draw for the passage of sloops, soon after entering upon the bridge, they beheld in the distance, three men slowly advancing from the Virginia side. They immediately called to them to arrest the fugitive, whom they proclaimed a runaway slave. True to their Virginia instincts, as they came near they formed in line across the narrow bridge, and prepared to seize her. Seeing escape impossible in that quarter, she stopped suddenly, and turned upon her pursuers. On came the profane and ribald crew.

faster than ever, already exulting in her capture, and threatening punishment for her flight. For a moment she looked wildly and anxiously around, to see if there was no other hope of escape. On either hand, far down below, rolled the deep loamy waters of the Potomac, and before and behind the rapidly approaching step and fierce and noisy shout of pursuers showed how vain would be any further effort for freedom. Her resolution was taken. She clasped her *hands* convulsively, and raised *them*, as she at the same time raised her *eyes*, towards heaven, and begged for that mercy and compassion *there*, which had been denied her on earth ; and then, with a single bound, she vaulted over the railing of the bridge, and sunk for ever beneath the waves of the river ! !”

From the “ Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses,” published in the country where the facts occurred, and that without an attempt at contradiction, we take the following :—

“ On a plantation in South Carolina, there was a slave of eminent piety. His master was *not a professor of religion*, but the superior

excellence of this disciple of Christ was not unmarked by him, and I believe he was so sensible of the good influence of his piety that he did not deprive him of the few religious privileges within his reach. A planter was one day dining with the owner of this slave, and in the course of conversation observed, that all profession of religion among slaves was mere hypocrisy. The other asserted a contrary opinion, adding, I have a slave who I believe would rather die than deny his Saviour. This was ridiculed, and the master urged to prove the assertion. He accordingly sent for this man of God, and peremptorily ordered him to deny his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The slave pleaded to be excused, constantly affirming that he would rather die than deny the Redeemer, whose blood was shed for him. His master, after vainly trying to induce obedience by threats, had him terribly whipped. The fortitude of the sufferer was not to be shaken; he nobly rejected the offer of exemption from further chastisement at the expense of destroying his soul, and this blessed martyr died in conse-

quence of this severe infliction. Oh, how bright a gem will this victim of irresponsible power be, in that crown which sparkles on the Redeemer's brow ; and that many such will cluster there, I have not the shadow of a doubt."

The following fact is related by the same lady to whom we are indebted for the former, Miss M. Grimke, daughter of the late Judge Grimke.

" I was once visiting a sick slave in whose spiritual welfare peculiar circumstances had led me to be deeply interested. I know that she had been early drawn from the path of virtue, as nearly all the female slaves are. I knew also that her mistress, though a professor of religion, had never taught her a single precept of Christianity, yet that she had had her severely punished for this departure from them : the poor girl was then ill. Her heart seemed truly touched with repentance for her sins, and she was inquiring, " What shall I do to be saved ? " I was sitting by her as she lay on the floor upon a *blanket*, and was trying to establish her *trembling* spirit in the fulness of Jesus, when I

heard the voice of her mistress in loud and angry tones, as she approached the door. I read in the countenance of the prostrate sufferer, the terror which she felt at the prospect of seeing her mistress. I knew my presence would be very unwelcome, but staid, hoping that it might restrain, in some measure, the passions of the mistress, in this, however, I was mistaken; she passed me without apparently observing that I was there, and seated herself on the other side of the sick slave. She made no inquiry how she was, but in a tone of anger commenced a tirade of abuse, violently reproaching her with her past misconduct, and telling her in the most unfeeling manner, that eternal destruction awaited her. No word of kindness escaped her. What had then roused her temper I do not know. She continued in this strain several minutes, when I attempted to soften her by remarking, that —— was very ill, and she ought not thus to torment her, and that I believed Jesus had granted her forgiveness. But I might as well have tried to stop the tempest in its career, as to calm the infuriated

passions nurtured by the exercise of arbitrary power. She looked at me with ineffable scorn, and continued to pour forth a torrent of abuse and reproach. Her helpless victim listened in terrified silence, until nature could endure no more, when she uttered a wild shriek, and casting on her tormentor a look of unutterable agony, exclaimed, 'Oh, mistress, I am dying !' This appeal arrested her attention, and she soon left the room, but in the same spirit with which she entered it. The girl survived but a few days, and, I believe, saw her mistress *no more*.

Mr. Caulkins, of Waterford, New London Co., Connecticut, gives the following proof of the mental suffering which is inseparably associated with slavery.

There was a slave on the plantation named Ben, a waiting man. I occupied a room in the same hut, and had frequent conversations with him. Ben was a kind-hearted man, and, I believe, a Christian; he would always ask a blessing before he sat down to eat, and was in the constant practice of praying morning and *night*.—One day when I was at the hut, Ben



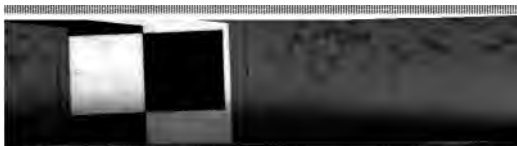
was sent for to go to the house. Ben sighed deeply and went. He soon returned with a girl about seventeen years of age, whom one of Mr. Swan's daughters had ordered him to flog. He brought her into the room where I was, and told her to stand there while he went into the next room : I heard him groan again as he went. While there I heard his voice, and he was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes he returned with a large cow-hide, and stood before the girl, without saying a word. I concluded he wished me to leave the hut, which I did ; and immediately after I heard the girl scream.

After she had gone, I asked Ben what she was whipped for : he told me she had done something to displease her young missus ; and in boxing her ears, and otherwise beating her, she had scratched her finger by a pin in the girl's dress, for which she sent her to be flogged.

Ben often appeared very gloomy and sad : I have frequently heard him, when in his room, mourning over his condition, and exclaim, "Poor African slave ! Poor African slave !"

Tales of scourgings, of agonies, and of

death could be multiplied; but if the spirit be the nobler part of man, and if the soul of the African, in the person of our common progenitor was first formed in the image of God; and if that image still exist, broken and distorted we allow, but still not annihilated, capable of being restored, *there* lies the scene of the blackest iniquity. How nearly in those souls must the glimmering light of nature be quenched! Where can be their sense of right and wrong? What single moral perception can they have? To say nothing of the fear of God, how can morality towards man exist, his spiritual being shorn down to a very shred, his manhood, his free agency being taken away, how can this automaton act for good or evil? And in those neighbourhoods where the gospel has won its way, and by a series of individual miracles, reached the sinful hearts of men, overcome their enmity, and in spite of all these superadded obstacles, is raising them towards heaven! with how many difficulties does this system hedge up the heavenward path! The facilities for persecution with im-



punity, and the constant liability of every convert to it, without possibility of legal redress; the systemized immorality, all but *universal*, of the masters, supreme and subordinate, render the acting out of Christian morals intensely difficult. How can a slave be virtuous, love mercy, and worship God? Vice or virtue he has not in many cases to choose between, but vice or death. Inverted state of things! when virtue brings death; when Jehovah says, "Do this, and your soul shall live," and man immediately rejoins, "Do it, and your body dies."

Now if these things be so, if inhuman sufferings are daily perpetrated on numbers of our fellow men; if still worse, they are by the same system kept in a state of intellectual and moral degradation, that perhaps has not been surpassed in any age of the world, or in any country under heaven, except alone in those few spots where cannibalism has prevailed; if each moment of the existence of the system under its mildest aspect, crime is perpetrated, crime deep and unnatural, too unnatural to have a legal

name, but which we designate as robbing a man of *himself*; we say, if these things be so, the question comes home to every Christian, what power can *I* raise against the evil? I cannot enact laws, I cannot restrain other nations. No, but a power, a moral power you have, and it may be raised; the whole weight of your moral being may bear on the evil. Contemplate it steadily till you feel it; then give your thoughts and feelings to others in the daily intercourse of life; incite them to think on the subject. We are apt to lose sight of the value of single efforts, simply because they are *single*. We forget that in the world of nature as in that of morals, all that is accomplished, is accomplished by reiterated single efforts. By repeated single blows, the tree of the forest falls; it is not the first, nor the hundredth stroke of the axe that lays it low, yet were that first or that hundredth stroke wanting, the tree would not fall. In natural objects we see step by step what we have gained. The first scratch on the bark; the actual incision; the advance to the white wood; the axe penetrating at each descent,

deeper and deeper towards the heart of the tree ; the first faint quivering of the outer leaves ; the swaying backwards and forwards of the branches ; the tottering of the whole trunk ; till at last, the crash speaks the labor done. Now in moral objects this sight is to a great extent wanting, especially in objects so extensive and complicated as the one before us ; we may, in fact, have no sense of advance ; but we may hold it true, that five minutes conversation on slavery from a thoughtful mind, and an earnest heart, is a blow against it ; and that every such blow actually does tell.

Then how to prepare ourselves for the work. By *thought* : think on the subject, and feeling must follow ; *realize* it. Hold as a great evil a system which forbids a man to call his conscience his own. Contemplate the eternal principle of individual responsibility, and ask if it be compatible with *the vested rights of one man in another* ; and then, if the Eternal is to bow to the temporary, the Immutable to mortal arrangements ? Ask in what relative position the slave and his holder can stand in the day of

the eternal reckoning? Where the responsibility assumed to be averted, will be found? Will he whose will took the place of the Deity to his degraded fellow men, be then able to sustain that character, and to absolve from guilt; or will he be content then to take on himself, the responsibility of all who have gone from his service to this reckoning?

Think moreover of one bearing of the subject. Slavery has accidentally involved the holding of Christian by his fellow Christian in this degraded state; the image of Christ trampled on, the temple of the Holy Ghost defiled, by those who profess themselves to bear that image, and to count it dearer than life: to form part of that living temple, builded together with these their brethren, for a habitation of the Most Holy.

And then call in imagination to realize the scenes which are daily taking place. Is there no cottage near you, which you often enter, where your smile has kindled up a spiritual light, which has been reflected back in blessedness on your own soul? Enter it now, and see in imagination, in place of the mother's cheerful

welcome, gloom and silence : enquire the cause, and see the infant whom you have often taken into your arms, a cold corpse ; and learn that for its troublesome cries, one stroke of the driver's whip had closed its mouth for ever ; and that for this there was no redress, that the crushed heart of the parent could only weep in silence. Mother ! had your soul been in her soul's stead.

Enter that cottage again in the evening, when your greeting has sometimes met the father as he came in from his daily work, and when your own heart has often been made lighter, to see how the love of wife and children, makes the peasant's home a sanctuary. See how he now will meet his baby's corpse, but he—he comes not with a freeman's step, he walks not, he crawls bleeding into his home ; he has to-day known the driver's whip, and that too, perchance from the hands of a fellow church member.

Enter yet again, and ask what the tears of the mother, the marble statue-like face of the father portend ? Go and hear that their girl, loved as the first of God's gifts, whose cradle

perhaps in your childhood's day you may in play have rocked, or who perhaps has been led by your hand under higher guidance to the Saviour; go and hear that the girl whose existence, has thus been made part of your very own, is torn from the shelter of home, sold far away, gone where the gospel is not known, where unrestrained indulgence of iniquity is the common characteristic of master and slave. Christian maiden, can you bear the thought, realized in the person of one made dear to you? Is there no one whom you have brought to the Saviour, and could you bear to see her thus peeled, and bared, stripped of all the assistances which in this evil world, religion in the hearts of the youthful, needs; thrown into the outer courts of hell?

Will you visit the cottage once more, still keeping before your mind's eye *the one* to which your visits are the most frequent, and happiest. See its hearth forsaken, the mother sold south; the father, north; the children scattered east and west. Oh ye whose hearths are sacred, shall these things be? shall there be



thousands of families—families, no, not *families*
for who can speak

“Of ties

Which every hour are breaking?”

Shall there be millions of individuals, subject to these miseries, and all unredressed as far as your efforts go? Mother! you who make “sunshine in the shady places” of domestic life, where is the sunshine or the shade of the slave-mother? Wife, if that be an honoured name, where is the honour of the slave-wife? Maiden, if reputation be a jewel for the soul to keep unbreathed upon, what is the slave-maiden’s reputation? A diamond dissolved to dew.

Christian fathers, husbands, brothers, ye for whom that true-hearted British sailor stood as a type; who when in one of the the West India Islands, snatched the whip from the driver’s hand as he was flogging a negress, and inflicted it on the inflictor; alleging when he was brought into court for the offence, that no Briton would ever stand by and see a man flogging a woman; ye for whom this noble man stands as a type, could ye bear, that ~~were~~

daily inflicted on the hearts and frames of millions of our race, should for one half-hour in the course of their lives, fall on your beloved ones? Realize it in *them*, and then go forth and act.

Christians in every social position, of every nation, ye who own Him for your master, who left as His command, that we love another as he loved us, are ye loving your fellow Christians as Christ loved you, while you leave them in slavery, giving not one thought, one effort to their rescue?

Ye who reverence humanity, who feel that human nature, fallen as it is, is yet a sacred thing, shall it in one vast division, be thus trampled upon for ever? Ye who see in every child of Adam, in one sense, a brother or a sister of the Lord Jesus Christ, shall humanity so allied be degraded to the level of brute existence?

Ye who know that among the hosts so degraded, some are in a far higher sense so allied, His "mother and sisters and brethren, because they do the will of His Father,"

and their Father who is in heaven."—will ye see the heirs of heaven chained as felons ? those who are with you kings and priests unto God, classed with the beasts that perish ?

American Christian, you who count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, who glory in nought but the cross of Christ, go stand beside that cross, hear Him who in your sight hangs upon it say, "This have I done for *thee*, what hast thou done for me ?"—and while there remains on the page of inspiration, the word ; "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye did unto me," resolve that while to others it shall be said;—"I was hungry, and ye fed me, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink," to you it shall be said,—“ I was a slave and ye made me free.”

E. R. D.

*Anecdote related by one of the Delegates to
the Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London
1840.*

"THEY'LL sell me far from thee," he said,
And turned away to hide
From her whom he in youth had wed,
His mingled rage and pride:
"I cannot toil away from thee,
I am a slave!—*I will be free!*"

"I'll hide me in some lonely spot,
Where comes no galling chain;
And when perchance my flight's forgot,
We yet may meet again:
I know my doom—and cannot stay,
I love thee!—but—I must away."

"Yet not alone—I too will go,"
The faithful wife replied:
"What have I in this world of woe,
Thee and my babes beside?
I too will go, with thee to share
Peril and storm—or death to dare."

A beam of joy unwonted shone
 One moment in his eye ;
 Another, and its light was gone—
 Whilst thus he made reply—
 “The nights are chill, the way is long,
 And deep the streams, but—love is strong.”

“Yes, *thou* could'st go, and we would fly
 Afar from cruel men ;
 No more in slavery's bonds to sigh,
 Or dread the lash again ;
 But for our babes—oh what will be
 Their dreadful doom—bereft of thee ?”

“And think'st thou that a mother's heart
 Could such sweet ties resign,
 Or that I dreamed from them to part ?
 My children's lot is mine.
 We'll bear them hence, nor faint nor fall,
 Since God, beloved, cares for us all.

So strong in faith, and strong in love,
 Their secret march they took ;
 And One, the Merciful above,
 Deign'd on their path to look,
 Preserved their hiding place by day,
 And blessed by night their toilsome way.

And long and far they journeyed on,
 And 'scaped the oppressor's wiles,
 Until sweet Freedom's home they won,
 A thousand weary miles
 From where in bondage they had dwelt,
 And all its cruel horrors felt.

How blest upon Canadia's shore,
 Their place among the *Free* !
 What thankful praise to Him they pour
 Who deigned their Guide to be !
 Who let them neither faint nor fall,
 The guardian God, that cares for all.

FINIS.

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